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I Meet My Blood Brother Again

All eyes were on the coffee-cook, who raked together 574
the smouldering embers on the hearth and added new 609
dried camel dung. On the silence soon fell the sound of [272]
boiling water bubbling in the capacious long-spouted pot.

The Amir's body-servant, Mnahi—the same who had spread the rug of greeting—took a stick of incense from a fold of his head-cloth, broke off a piece and placed it on a glowing dung-ember. Through the black roof-cloth filtered faintly the sunshine and wove a pattern of lights and shadows on the ground. Courtiers, warriors, and slaves formed a solemn, silent semicircle. Facing these squatting figures, Mnahi alone was on his feet; he had taken his post on his master's left and stood there, erect and motionless, one sinewy black fist on the silver hilt of his sword.

I stole surreptitious glances at my host. His *kaffiyah* framed an effeminate type of face, oval, with regular features and a high-bred, slightly aquiline nose. The dark eyes, brilliant and very large, were set beneath wide thick brows and a rather narrow forehead. When he smiled, dazzling white teeth showed under the small black moustache. The more I looked at this romantic young man, the more I recognized in him that spirited little blood-brother of mine in the long ago. It required an effort of will to restrain my impatience and not to declare myself forthwith; but I had to await the fitting moment. So far, no one had uttered a word. All seemed to be interested exclusively in the cook, still puttering about his hearth. In desert etiquette it is a gross breach [576]
of courtesy to ply a guest with questions about himself.

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to fifty miles from our last camp by the Jabal Tawil—we found all the pasture gone, consumed to the last blade by the locusts. It was only in the plain of Biyaż that we found a depression which was untouched and with plenty of forage. There we made camp under the shelter of a *wadi*.

The women and slaves unloaded the camels and at once proceeded to put up the tents. The tent-cloth is spread on the ground, looking like a long, black, hairy hide; the lines are drawn east and west, tent-pegs driven home with wooden mallets, and the long tent-poles, properly spaced, are inserted under the roof-strip. Then, by dint of lifting and pushing, up goes the structure; first one pole in place, then the next, and so on until the whole goat-hair "house" rests securely on its supports. Row after row of tents rose, casting long shadows as the last sun-rays gleamed on their peaked roofs.

I bought a weakly camel from my fellow-travellers, had it slaughtered and the meat distributed to all and sundry. The flesh-pots of Ishmael were soon steaming and the savour of them attracted a horde of hungry dogs. One of the tribesmen was to play host to myself, Faris, and a number of others. Out of the dark his troop of camels stole up silently, showing suddenly in the light of the fire as if they had come from nowhere, and lay down before his tent. It was comfortable and homely there by the fire, in the wide circle of men and beasts.

Our cook had transferred a turbid, muddy mess of old coffee grounds and water from a goatskin bag to a pot with a long spout, which he put on the hearth. Now the black, bitter brew foamed up again, and after it had

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been properly skimmed, the cook poured a part into the smallest jug available and from this served his coffee a few drops at a time, a single stoneware cup making the round of the company. The mound of camel dung heaped by the women was glowing red, and everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation when Faris rose and went over to the women's side of the tent. A cheerful bustling sounded from it—supper ought to be about ready; and sure enough, there appeared a woman and a slave, carrying between them a huge platter piled high with meat, which they set down on the threshold. Faris shouted into the night, to call all stragglers who might be in the vicinity.

We grouped ourselves round this mountain of flesh. I saw in the flickering light wild-looking, hungry men squatting opposite me, with black plaits of hair showing under their white-and-red head-cloths, the tips of which were flung over the shoulders. They fell to with their fingers, tore the meat from the bones and devoured it in great gulps. Our host flung titbits to me across the platter. It was embellished with the camel's head split open, but without the brains. Only the women will eat them, for they are supposed to make men faint-hearted. The hearts of bustard and other fowl are also disdained by these gallant lords of the desert.

We lingered four days in this depression, as we had enough food and fuel. The camels scattered to graze in the surrounding country. The women, too, were busily employed in hoeing up the roots of the small shrubs and gathering their twigs, which they carried to camp on their backs in large bundles. Many of the women had

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The Mejlis, Council of Men. Here, as Always, the Ever-Present Black Coffee Is Served

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portant guests do they bake fresh bread and prepare some sort of meal. If a Rwejli has a piece of dry bread, *ḫomš*, and can soak it in water, he boasts of having eaten well. Breakfast is unknown to the Rwala. In order to loosen the spittle, *fekk ar-rîḳ*, they eat a grain of salt, a morsel of bread, or gulp down some milk. This is their usual breakfast, *ṣubûḥ* (*eṣṭebeḥ*, take thy breakfast). On long marches they can keep going with this breakfast until evening, because they have no luncheon. The Rwala know that they will eat only after sunset and are grateful to Allâh if he gives them a chance of eating their fill at least once a week. Often there is not even a cup of cold *leben*, sour milk, for supper. Suppers of this kind, at which only a little milk is drunk, are called *ṣabûḥ*.

MILK AND METHODS OF PROCURING IT

Milk is the main nourishment of the Rwala. In order to secure a supply of milk for a whole year they make use of various devices.

If a young camel is weak they kill it as soon as it is born, and for seven days, *samḥ leǰâl*, they do not milk, *ǰerarzûha*, the female camel, so that she loses her milk, *w-hi ṭrarez*. In this way she becomes strong and can carry loads. If they have insufficient milk, they gently stroke, *ǰemsaḥûha*, her udder morning and evening, and after a few days the milk flows again. If they have a sucking camel, they lead it to her; in order that she may let it suck, they draw her nostrils together with a rope, *ǰeḥazmû ḫašmaha bel-ʿaḳâl*, or thrust a long, strong needle, *maḫǰaṭ*, through her nostrils. Thus they deceive the female camel, *ǰeẓîrûn ʿalejha ẓijâr*, who cannot smell the calf tied to her, becomes friendly with it, *tarâm*, and lets it have milk, *taderr*.

Sometimes they remove the newly-born calf, *ǧarraw laha*, before the female camel notices and smells it. Then they kill it, tie up the female camel, and fasten to her an older calf, which they smear with a little blood from the calf that has been killed. The female camel licks it, makes friends with it, *râmat*, and lets it suck. In this way one calf sucks two female camels. This method is called *ǧerâr*. Often they kill five and even seven young camels, and to all the female camels they bring the same calf, and all of them let it suck. This is called *muǧamma'a*. The female camel which gives the least milk they

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good annuals, the more milk is given. The fertile camel gives milk for twelve months, the barren camel for even longer. After a year the she-camel is conducted to the male. If she conceives, she loses the milk and bites and kicks her calf when it tries to suck.

The calf generally ceases to suck after a year, but many wish to continue even after that. Such calves are known as *ʿabeṭ*. In order that a calf of this sort may not steal milk, a sharpened peg, *ḥelâl*, is inserted under its nostrils, and if it attempts to suck the peg pricks the female camel, so that she at once drives the calf away.

FIG. 21—A water trough, *ḥawẓ* (see p. 71).

The milk is either drunk warm immediately after it has been obtained, *maḥaẓ*, or is heated, *saḥîn*. The freshly obtained milk is called *ḥalîb*. If it is poured, *jeḥaḳnûneh*, into a leather bag, *semîl*, it is called *leben*, even though it may still be sweet. In the bag it becomes sour very quickly, *jeṭaʿʿam* (or *mṭaʿʿam*). The Rwala do not churn camel's milk. If they have too much, they boil it and from the curds make small cheeses which they eat either dry or stewed with bread.

A milking camel is called *ḥallâba*. It is not sold at any price, as it nourishes the whole family. Every Rwejli is fond of milk, either fresh or sour. Those who cannot get accustomed to it are given the nickname of *felḥ*. The Rwala woman reminds her daughter of the white *leben* as soon as she wakes her in the morning, exclaiming: "O my daughter, white as milk! why art thou idle like the gazelle, taking thy ease until the dew has departed? *jâ bunajje jâ leben wâẓḥaʾ w-alʿzejjel bel-menâm aẓḥaʾ*." The freshly obtained milk has a salt taste, because the camels are fond of grazing on salt herbs. In consequence of this it has an aperient effect, especially on the foreigner; but after a short time he gets accustomed to it, likes it very much, and suffers no ill effects. If the camel has been feeding for a long time on fragrant or strong-smelling herbs, the odor can be noticed in the milk.

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262 272 Milk is the chief nutriment of the Rwala. Many families live exclusively on it for months at a time; they suffer hunger when there is no abundant pasture and the camels accordingly have little to eat. As they cannot then provide themselves with other food in the interior of the desert, they seek it in the settled territory. The Rwala say: "We feed our children on the sour milk of our camels, *mesaẓẓemin ʿejâlna min leben ḥelâlna.*"

FIG. 22—A water trough, *ḥawṣ*, on a camel (see p. 71).

WHEAT AND OTHER GRAINS

609 829 261 The Bedouins are convinced that the *fellâḥîn* are obliged to supply them with food. Everywhere the remark may be heard: "The *fellâḥ* must provide food for the Bedouins, *al-bedw ʿejšathom ʿala-l-fellâḥ.*" If the *fellâḥ* does not give it to them of his own free will, they have the right to take everything they find, and therefore they declare: "Take from the *fellâḥ* whatever ye find (or like), *ḫoḏ min al-fellâḥ mâ lâḥ.*"

251 574 261 Before the Rwala depart into the interior of the desert, *ješarrežûn*, they provide themselves with wheat necessary for sustenance. The allowance is one load per person, the load being the amount carried by a camel, about 150 kilograms. In addition to this the ordinary Bedouin carries an additional load for his guests. The head chief usually has fifty to sixty loads of flour and wheat, because he has to feed not only numerous guests but also many of his fellow tribesmen whose supplies enemies have stolen. These are known as *ṣuʿûf* or *ḥalâl*. The men go from tent to tent and feed as guests; the women beseech the mistress of the tent: "Give me supper, little sister! give me supper! *ʿaššini jâ ḫajje ʿaššini.*" When they receive the wheat they carry it to the children and the sick.

252 824 From the wheat is prepared every day a food called *ʿejš*, bread being rarely baked. The tribesmen grind the wheat grains themselves, only the chiefs taking milled flour into the interior of the desert. The Rwala do not believe that milled flour is genuine wheat, for they say: "Wheat is genuine only as long as it is in grain, al-kamh alli baʿad habben sahih."

264 *snûneh*. The host then arranges a second group, *ḳalṭat al-wasṭa*, and, when this one has eaten, he adds more food; if
574 by now the meat is gone, he mixes the *'ejš* with *mraḳa* gravy and calls on a third group, known as *al-ḳalṭat al-mḥelijje*. What is left over, *ṛarîme*, is received by the poor children who stand round the tent.

To an unsatisfied eater they say: "Thou hast gnawed the head of a camel, the head of a wether, and a hare together with its head; thou hast eaten a canful of paste made of dates and flour, and still thou sayest that thou hast not supped; *râs w-rwejs w-arnab râseh beh w-žedaḥ bečile w-tḳûl mâ ta'aššejt*."

COFFEE AND ITS PREPARATION

252 All food is prepared in the camp by the women in their compartment. In the men's compartment coffee only is made.
372 At the command: "Blow up the fire and prepare coffee, *šibb annâr w-sawwi-l-ḳahwa*," a slave, the son, the wife, the daughter, or sometimes even the tent owner himself, strikes the spark, lays the smoldering tinder into a piece of dry *šiḥ*, whirls it round above his head until it bursts into flame, lays it under the fuel on the fireplace, and blows upon it until this also
272 catches fire. Then the coffee maker lays beside the fireplace long coal tongs, *milḳâṭ*, and takes the coffeepots (Fig. 32)
415 from a circular basket woven of straw or palm leaves.

The coffeepots are generally four in number. The largest one is called *maṭbâḥa* or *kumkum*. Into it the grounds from which coffee has been decocted are emptied for several days. A slave pours water on them and places the pot by the fire. The other three pots he rinses out, *ješarreb*, pours the contents into the largest one, polishes them with a duster made of camel's hair, and sets them on the right-hand side of the fireplace, where there already stands a copper water jug, *berîž*, as well as a *žedaḥ*, or cylindrical wooden vessel measuring about 20 centimeters in diameter and 6 centimeters in height and with a narrow edge. From the *žedaḥ* water is offered for drinking.

From a leather pouch, *ṣifen*, or from a small leather canister, *ḳarf* (pl., *ḳarâf*), the mistress of the tent takes a handful of coffee, *benn*, a slave puts it on a shallow iron pan with a long handle, upon which the coffee is roasted, *miḥmâse*, and holds it above the fire, continually stirring the

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beans with an iron spoon fastened to the handle by means of a long copper chain, *îd al-miḥmâse*. As soon as the coffee begins to turn brown, *aškarrat*, he lifts the plate from time to time, shakes it until the beans jump about, blows on and continues roasting them. When all the beans have acquired a dark-brown color, he shakes them out upon a wooden dish, *mibrâda*, which is also provided with a long handle, in order that they may cool off, *jebarredha*. Meanwhile he takes the second smaller pot, pours boiling water into it from the first one, and sets it by the fire. He wipes a wooden mortar, *mihbâš* (or *niǧr*), decorated with carvings, shakes, *jekubb*, into it the cold beans freed from their husks, picks up with his right hand or with both hands a long wooden pestle, *jad* (or *mehwân*), and, holding the mortar between his knees, pounds the coffee with measured and dignified strokes. After every five or six blows upon the beans he knocks the edge of the pestle against the sides of the mortar in order to get rid of the coffee clinging to it. The noise made by the mortar and pestle, *ḥess al-mihbâš*, is heard everywhere in the vicinity, and the people give their opinion as to whether these sounds are regular and artistic or not. The pounding of coffee is an art, and musical ability is judged according to the way in which it is done.

The coffee when ground to a fine powder is shaken out, *jelažžemha*, by a slave into his right hand or straight into the second pot, in which the fresh coffee is boiled. This pot is called *maṣfa'* (or *ṭalâje*). The slave takes the rag with which he has wiped the vessel, places it on the handle of the pot, and holds it above the fire, continually moving it farther away or nearer in order that the coffee may not boil over. When the coffee is thoroughly boiled, *ṭbaḫat*, he places the pot at some little distance from the fire in order that the coffee may settle. He then puts into the mortar a few grains of the fragrant spice known as cardamom and a pinch of saffron, beats them up, shakes them out into the third pot, which has been cleaned and warmed, and pours into it the boiled coffee from the second pot. The third pot, in which the coffee is boiled with the ground spices, is called *mabhâra*. From a circular box of wood, *ḳawṭi*, or copper, *ḳafaṣ*, the slave takes out small cups of solid stoneware, *fanâǧil*, pours a little water into each one, rubs them with his thumb on a piece of rag, and puts them on a copper platter called *ṣinijje*. When the spice-flavored coffee has boiled he empties a part of it into the fourth

272 and smallest pot, known as *delle*, and pours from it a few drops of coffee into a cup, which he empties out on the ground as a sacrifice for Šâḏri, the first one to boil coffee. Then he again pours a little coffee in the cup, shakes it round to see its color, takes a sip, smacks his lips, and savors the coffee to find out how it tastes. Having gulped it down, he takes in his left hand from four to six cups, inserting one into the other, seizes the handle of the *delle* pot with his right hand, and from above pours into the cups a stream of coffee as delicate as a spider's thread. As soon as the bottom of the cup is covered, he hands it to the foremost guest. The latter takes it in his right hand, licks it, smacks his lips, and slowly drinks; it is not becoming to drink all of one's coffee at one gulp. Meanwhile the slave pours out for the rest. When the first guest has finished drinking, the slave pours out for him again, *jedir ʿa-r-reğâl.* The fourth helping the guest must decline with the word *ḥâğe,* even though he would like to drink more. After an interval, however, he may resume drinking.

Poems Relating to Coffee

272 539t Many of the Rwala, both men and women, are very fond of coffee and describe its preparation and taste in numerous poems. Prince an-Nûri eben Šaʿlân composed a poem which he himself recited to me, as follows:

1. *Ḳum saw finğâlen ʿala-l-kejf jâ ʿîd*
   bedlâl jišdenn al-bṭûṭ al-ehdâfi
2. *eḥmes w-zajjenha ʿala kill mâ-rîd*
   w-estaden mâ južʿed min an-nâs ṛâfi
3. *niğren ʿala ḥesseh jeğûn al-melâbîd*
   ahl as-salâm w-ḳawwakom w-al-ʿawâfi
4. *w-bhârha tisʿa min al-hejl w-tzîd*
   bez-zaʿfarân mrawwaḳa jâ-s-snâfi
5. *bṣinijjeten ṭumma derha lel-ağâwîd*
   w-ʿoddah ʿa-lli jeṭni ḫlâf al-mežâfi
6. *alli jrawwi ḥarbeteh bel-meṭârîd*
   leʿujûn min ḳerneh ʿala-l-meten ẓâfi
7. *bint aš-šujûḥ muḥazzebîn al-bwâlîd*
   ḥarîbhom lowhom baʿîden jiḫâfi
8. *w-en derhem aṣ-ṣâbûr mâ min taṣâdîd*
   čam ḥâčemen ḫallow ʿazâmeh talâfi

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9. *mirkâzehom jišba' bâh an-nisr w-aḏ-ḏib*
   w-jišba' bâh ẓab'an min al-ǧû' hâfi
10. *w-eṭni 'ala-lli w-en lafow leh ma'âwid*
    rîf an-nišâma w-ar-rčâb al-ehǧâfi
11. *jaẓhak ḥeǧâǧeh low lafow al-aǧâwid*
    lâ jâ ba'ad ḫaṭw al-čeḍûb al-ehlâfi.

1. Arise, prepare a cup of coffee as I would have it, O 'Id!
   In pots like to black and fattened geese.
2. Roast and adorn it even as I desire
   And let the mortar approach, which awakens the drowsy people,
3. At whose sound they will come who are idling at home,
   The people who say: "Peace! may He strengthen you, and greeting!"
4. Spice it with nine grains of cardamom and add
   Saffron. When it has settled in beautiful cups
5. On a decorated plate, then give it to the heroes,
   And return with it unto him who is a shield to the fugitive,
6. He who drenches his spear in battles
   For the eyes of her whose tresses reach below her waist,
7. The daughter of chiefs, who stain their steel weapons,
   Whom their adversaries fear, even though they tarry afar off,
8. And of them none looks around again, if they set off at a trot on their camels;
   Of so many leaders do the bones decay through their deeds!
9. If they set off at a gallop, they sate the eagle and the wolf,
   And ever the hyena which roves about in hunger.
10. Pour out once more for him who, if there come to him, returning from a raid,
    The flower of youth with camels thin and worn,
11. Moves yet his brows with mirth, especially if heroes arrive,
    (He who acts quite otherwise than) some feigning liar;
    Oh, may he be afar off.

Verse 1. *Saw*, for *sawwi*; *sawwi-l-ḳhawa*, means "prepare coffee." The pots in which the coffee is boiled have a very pronounced bulge in the lower half, where they are almost circular, and as they are always blackened they resemble black wild geese, which are usually fat. 2. *Zajjenha*, adorn it; this is done when the roasted coffee is blown upon to free it from the loosened husks. 3. The noise of the mortar disturbs sleepers

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and calls together the idlers from all sides to utter their greetings and to reply to greetings, only in order that as soon as possible they may gain the favor of those present. 4. Nine grains of cardamom are ground together with a pinch of

FIG. 29 FIG. 30

FIGS. 29, 30—Pack camels, *al-maṣḥûr*, on the march (see p. 76).

saffron and mixed with the boiled coffee. The *hejl*, cardamom, gives the coffee a peculiar bitter taste, and the saffron makes it yellow in color. The coffee, when it has been allowed to stand and has been strained off, *mrawwaḳa*, is poured into beautiful cups, *as-snâfi*. *Har-raǧǧâl snâfi* means "this man is handsome, perfect." 5. *Ṣinijje* is the name of the shallow decorated metal dish upon which the cups are placed; such dishes were originally brought from China and hence were known as *ṣîni*. *'Oddah* for *'odah* (or *'odha*). He who protects the fugitives is to receive an additional drink of coffee. *Akfow* means "made their escape, retreated." 6. *Trâd* is the term for actual warfare. In the midst of the most dangerous and fierce fighting the girls encourage the warriors with words and gestures. With loosened hair and bared breasts they dash on she-camels where the danger is greatest, shout to their lovers and friends, remind the former of favors received, and threaten to desert to the enemy should they be disappointed

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by their own people. 8. *Ṣâbûr* are the camel riders who during the raid ward off the attacks of the owners of the captured herds. 9. *Mirkâḍahom* signifies the galloping of the horse riders who from ambush attack the enemy engaged

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539x

Fig. 31—Pack camels, *al-maẓhûr*, on the march (see p. 76).

with the *ṣâbûr*. 10. Most of the coffee is to go to the owner of the tent, who entertains the warriors returning from a raid, *ma'âwid* (or *menâčîf*), with genuine unaffected kindness. For whether the raid has been successful or not, on the return from it all are hungry, riders as well as animals, because as a rule every raid lasts much longer than was planned. 11. *Al-čeḏâb al-ehlâfi* is the term applied to a man who pretends to rejoice at some news, while in reality he is seething with wrath. It is used of the host who embraces and kisses the guest, but does not give enough to eat either to the guest or to his animals.

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1. *Kum saw mâ jeḫmed 'alâ-ṣ-ṣîn jê ḏijâb*
   bedîâl jeḍdenn al-bṭûṭ al-maḥâdîb
2. *w-eḥmes elja min al-'araḳ fowḳha ḏâb*
   w-estaden mâ jeḫḏeb 'alejk al-ḥerârîb

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3. *niğren jilâli min al-raṭa dûm beḥzêb*
jeḳ'i 'ala dubb ad-dahr w-al-mawâğîb
4. *jâ teḳel taṭla' čaffat aṣ-ṣin beḥzâb*
warsen ṣobaṛ beḥfûf biz ar-ra'âbîb
5. *w-ṣubbah limin ḳâd an-niźâma lil-ağnâb*
bemafraseh jiźba' beh an-nizr w-aḏ-ḏib
6. *w-eṭnah 'ala-lli low lefa'-z-zemel ṣabṭâb*
jarḥaṣ be'omreh 'end zeml ar-ra'âbîb
7. *w-ğezzah 'ala-lli low lafow leh 'ala rčâb*
telka bejteh miṯl ğezr al-kaṣâṣîb
8. *w-bâźi-l-mela eṭbeḥ leh al-wafel low šâb*
raṣṣâṣ al-meğles ḥamir al-meḥâ'îb
9. *alli nhâr al-kown jifza' bemṣlâb*
kbârîn al-anfos sâheğîn al-mwâğîb.

1. Rise, prepare coffee which stains the cups, O Dijâbi
In pots resembling black, fat-backed geese,
2. And roast it till the sweat on the beans evaporates,
And take that which will summon the drinkers,
3. The mortar shining with wrath from unceasing blows,
And bowing as bidden by custom and duty.
4. Oh! thou might'st say it paints the inside of the cup with a yellow
Color, like that which dyes the lips of fair beauties.
5. Pour it for him who led the youths abroad
To the place of attack, where vulture and wolf glut themselves.
6. And pour it again for him who, when clouds of dust envelop the laden camels,
Risks his life for the camels which bear the slender beauties.
7. And give more to him in whose tent the camel riders
Will find animals slaughtered as at a butcher's.
8. For the others visiting thee warm up the coffee grounds, even if they be gray,
For they are but people crowding into rooms for men,
like donkeys heeding only the short sticks,
9. People who on the day of battle hasten to help with stakes for stirring the fire,
Braggarts, neglecters of duty.

This poem was composed by Hâjes eben Meğlâd and recited to me by the negro Ḥmâr abu 'Awwâd.

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Verse 1. *Mâ jeǧmed* means "that which adheres (sticks) and colors." The Bedouins prefer coffee which leaves dark-yellow stains on the white cups. The wild geese are called *maḥâdîb* from their fat bulging backs. 2. The roasting is finished when the fine drops resembling sweat disappear from the coffee beans. 3. Through prolonged use the inside of the mortar becomes very shiny, as does the spot outside pressed by the knees of the person working the pestle. *Jeʿʿi*, the mortar bows because the beater inclines it from side to side when shaking off the coffee that sticks to its sides. *Dubb ad-dahr* means "as is the custom, life long." 4. *Čaffat aṣ-ṣîn* is the inside of a porcelain cup, *wars* (or *kurkub*) the plant from which the yellow dye is made. *Šfûf* was explained to me as lips, but it can also mean the stuff for a dress. 5. The first cup should go to the *ʿażîd*, or leader of the troop. *Mafras* signifies the spot where the enemy's horses were repulsed when trying to free the captured herds. 6. *Ẓabẓâb* is the term applied to the warriors mounted on horses. If the enemy attack a migrating tribe they are opposed by the *salaf*, a troop of horsemen who attempt to drive them from the camels which carry the tents, household goods, supplies, and women and children. If the enemy is numerically stronger, the troop opposing them may soon be scattered, in which case only the bravest will persist in defending the camels of the different families. 7. The owner of the tent, who sets meat before the hungry fighters on their return from a raid, is entitled to the most coffee. 8. *Wafel* is the twice-boiled coffee, which not only leaves no dark-yellow stains on the white porcelain but is almost wholly gray, *šâb*. It is good enough for such visitors, *mela*, as press, *rappâṣe*, into the men's compartment. Although they see that they are depriving the more esteemed guests and the tired fighters of their places, and that the host looks at them with an unfriendly eye, yet they do not leave the tent. At last the short stick, *miʿdâb*, such as is used for urging on and driving away the donkeys, must be applied to them. 9. If the alarm cry is sounded, a true Bedouin instantly arms himself with his best weapon and runs to help, *jifzaʿ*, his attacked countrymen, but a scamp of the sort just described will only snatch up a thick stake used for poking the fire, *miṣlâb*, thinking he can scare the enemy with that. *Sâheṭîn* (or *târečîn*) *al-mwâǧîb* are those who are unmindful of their duties towards their clan and tribe and are conceited braggarts, *kbârîn al-anfas*.

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1. *Bâḥ al-'aza' jâ-dîb ḳum denn-al-awrâḳ*
ḳurtâṣ šâmi ṣâfijen teḳel ṛarnûḳ
2. *w-hâtû dwât al-ḥeber w-ednû lena sâḳ*
'ûd al-ǧarâ' bšaḏrat al-mûs mašlûḳ
3. *ekteb min al-abjât jâ-dîb mâ lâḳ*
mâ dâm ḳufl al-ḳalb jâ-dîb mafhûḳ
4. *žîlen čema-d-dabwa' elja sîž w-ensâḳ*
ma' ṣaḥṣaḥen 'ânaḳ šefa' kill ṭârûḳ
5. *jâ mâ liḳalben kill mâ-ltamm bel-ašfâḳ*
min 'âm al-awwal beh dawâčič w-eḥfûḳ
6. *jiǧâhed ǧnûsen biswâmîḥ al-aṭrâḳ*
w-tekšef leh asrâren ketamhen biṣandûḳ
7. *elja ṭara li ṭârij al-ḥbâb w-eštâḳ*
ejza w-dakk bḥâṭri ṭârij aš-šûḳ
8. *dannejt leh min ṣâfi al-benn mâ lâḳ*
bel-čaff nâžiha 'an al-'aḏf min as-sûḳ
9. *ehmes ṭalâṭen jâ nedîmi 'ala sâḳ*
rîḥah 'ala ǧamr al-ṛaza jifzaḥ as-sûḳ
10. *ijjâḳ w-an-nijje w-bêlak w-al-ḥrâḳ*
eṣha tṣir blâhjet al-ḥamś maṭfûḳ
11. *elja-ṣfarr lownah ṭumm baššet bel-'arâḳ*
ḥamra' čema-l-jâḳût jiṭreb leha-l-mûḳ
12. *w-'aṭṭat ḫrîḥen fâḫren fâzḥen fâḳ*
al-'ambar rîḥah bel-aswâḳ manšûḳ
13. *ṣubbah bniǧren jisma' kill mištâḳ*
râ'i-l-hawa jiṭreb elja tdižž beḫfûḳ
14. *w-laḳḳem bdelleten mowle'en čannaha-s-sâḳ*
šâmijjeten marbûbeten teḳel ṛarnûḳ
15. *ḫallah tefûḥ w-râ'i al-kêf muštâḳ*
w-elja ṭafaḥ bak ǧowharen ṣaḥḥ lah lûḳ
16. *aṣṛar ḳmûrah čazamardaǧ bel-aš'âḳ*
w-akbarhen aṭ-ṭâfeḥ 'ala ṣâfi al-mûḳ
17. *w-zellah 'ala waẓha beha ḫamst arnâḳ*
hêlen w-mismâren bel-asbâb mashûḳ
18. *w-za'farân w-šmaṭri elja-nsâḳ*
rîḥah ma' al-'ambar 'ala-ṭ-ṭâḳ maṭbûḳ
19. *elja ḫtalaṭ hâḍa bhâḍa betîfâḳ*
ṣubbah čefâk al-'awḳ 'an kill maḫlûḳ
20. *bifinǧâl ṣîni teṭtazi 'anneh al-arnâḳ*
jâzi bkursijjen ḫadânen al-ma'šûḳ
21. *en enṭalaḳ min hâfetah teḳel šebrâḳ*
aw damm ḳalben w-en meza' minneh ma'lûḳ

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22. *zajjah ʿala-l-finǧâl jiṣbor elja râḳ*
alli tṭawwer bil-ḥamâme ʿala-ṭ-ṭûḳ
23. *w-elja ḥaṣal mâ ḳilt ʿendi bel-ašfâḳ*
ṛerwen temezz ešfâh w-al-ʿonḳ mafhûḳ
24. *ṛerwen jaʿîl bḥebbeteh kill mâ lâḳ*
ḥaddeh ẓaḥâḥ al-bedr low bân beš-ʿûḳ
25. *čenn al-ʿaraḳ min waǧneteh ḥossen arnâḳ*
naṭren ʿala ṣafḥât al-awrâḳ maršûḳ
26. *w-elja ẓaḥeč min mabsemeh bâržen ḥâḳ*
ʿaǧlen rafifen w-raṭṭeh al-ṛaraḳ beṭbûḳ
27. *jemši bridfen hâllen madmaǧ as-sâḳ*
jefṣel ḥeǧûlen hazzah aṭ-ṭoḳl min fûḳ
28. *w-allâḥ low jemši šeḳâḳen bel-aswâḳ*
min šowfeteh mâ jimṭaḥ al-ḥams maḥlûḳ
29. *mâr elja ḥaṣal lak ṣâḥebak w-ent muštâḳ*
oḳṭof ṭamar mâ lâḥ w-al-ʿomr malḥûḳ
30. *minn aṣ-ṣâḥeb alli kill mâ žîl bawwâḳ*
ʿajja jisažžîni min aḍ-ḍubbal al-fûḳ
31. *w-ḳalbi maʿ aḍ-dellâl jeǧleb bel-aswâḳ*
ʿâmên ʿenda ṣḥajjef al-waṣf mawsûḳ
32. *w-ṣalât rabbi ʿadad bârežen ḥâḳ*
ʿala-n-nebi al-hâšemi ḫijâr maḥlûḳ.

1. Grief descends upon me! Rise, O clerk! Pull out paper,
A sheet from Damascus, pure white as the crane,
2. And hither with the ink and the pen,
A stem of the reed split by the knife's edge.
3. Copy, O clerk! whatever verses are fitting—
As long as the lock of my heart, O clerk! is open—
4. Word (following after word), as when small locusts drive and are driven
And link the plain with the ridge of each enclosing slope.
5. Oh, how the heart loves best what it has stored up!
For a year past my heart has been filled with passionate unrest and suspicion.
6. Some thoughts it conquers by peaceful forgiveness,
But secrets also come out which it had locked up as in a strong box.
7. Whenever I think of the tokens of love, I yearn for them instantly,
And my bosom is tortured by the remembrance of my sweetheart.

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8. I will hand to him (the clerk) as many whole coffee beans as are needed
After I have taken from them the various impurities of the market.
9. Roast them three times, O comrade mine! on a pan with a long handle
Above red-hot coal of *raṣa*, till their fragrance reaches the market place.
10. Be sure that both thy mind and soul are in the stirring,
Be not disturbed, while roasting.
11. As soon as it becomes yellow and glistens with sweat
And is red like rubies, it will gladden the pupil of my eye,
12. And a pleasant all-pervading smell it will send forth, better than that
Of the amber, which can be smelled in the market place.
13. Pour the beans into the mortar, whose sound everyone will hear who longs for the coffee,
And the lover will grow cheerful if thou poundest with [care.
14. Then pour a handful into a Damascene pot,
Which is like a well-shaped calf of the leg and shines white as a crane.
15. Let it be covered, as desired by him who likes his repose,
And when it is full of gem-like bubbles, then it has attained its full beauty.
16. The smallest of the bubbles resemble the emerald on a dagger grip,
While the largest would be like an eye flooded with tears.
17. Then pour it off to settle into a pot into which thou hast shredded five kinds of spice,
Cardamom with powdered cloves
18. And saffron with two kinds of Sumatra spice, in the right order.
Its fragrance blended with that of the amber will remain in the closed room.
19. When these are thoroughly mixed,
Pour it out — and Allâh keep all obstacles from thee while so doing! —
20. Into a china cup, in which the drops are reflected,
And which shines on the tray always set beside the coffee lover.

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21. When emptied, there will remain streaks like reddish fringes
Or like the blood from a heart from which the artery has been torn out;
22. Its color will cling to the cup after it has settled,
Just like the band painted around the dove's throat.
23. And if my wishes could be granted, I should like best
A pretty maid, who would press her lips to mine with bent neck,
24. A pretty maid, whose kiss would embolden all, as is fit.
Her face is like the moon's reflection shining on a golden dagger grip;
25. The pearls of sweat on her cheek bones are like drops
Scattered on sheets of the finest paper.
26. When she smiles, then from the place where she smiles a flash of lightning is seen,
Soon followed by a copious rain.
27. She walks with enchanting hips above firmly built calves;
The weight of her body moves the rings above her ankles;
28. And, by Allâh himself! when she walks, the whole market place is in an uproar,
And, while looking at her, no one can close his fingers tight.
29. But if thy sweetheart permits and thou desirest it,
Pluck the fruit as long as it entices, for life will soon be overtaken by death.
30. O sweetheart! thou who, as they all say, betrayest me,
Refusing to allay my thirst with thy incisors.
31. My heart — like something banded by the auctioneer in the market places —
Has dwelt for two years captive to her whom I have in few words described.
32. Oh! that my Lord's blessing may rest as many times as he sends out lightning
On the Hashemite Prophet, who is the highest of all created beings.

The honor of composing this poem belongs to Muḥammad al-Ḳâḍi, who is said to have been a judge in the town of 'Anejza. To me it was recited and explained by Prince Nûri's clerk, Ǧwâd. Its story is simple. The poet, two years

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●272 539x before, had fallen in love with a woman of extraordinary beauty, but for the last year he had been tortured by doubts as to her faithfulness. In order not to lose her, he would gladly forgive much, but again and again in the market places he has heard insinuations which have exasperated him anew, filling him with melancholy. During a moment of such mental agony, he ordered strong black coffee to be prepared for him in his house in the 'Anejza market place and then dictated the poem to his clerk.

Verse 1. *Bâḥ al-'aza* (or *enkašef al-'aza*) means "melancholy has taken hold of me; grief is seen on the countenance too." [212] *Adîb* in the poetical language of the district of al-Ḳaṣîm, to which 'Anejza belongs, is a man who can both read and write. [439] *Šâmi* is paper brought from Damascus. The commercial relations of 'Anejza with Syria in general and with Damascus in particular always have been much brisker than with Irak and Bagdad. 'Anejza, it should be known, is the center of the 'Aḳejl camel traders, who buy up camels all over Arabia, drive them through Syria to Egypt, sell them there, and on their return stop at Damascus, where they buy articles needed in inner Arabia and bring them home. 2. *Dwât al-ḥeber* [212] signifies drugs which mixed together and with water give ink; also an inkstand. In the towns of inner Arabia no fluid ink is sold. The inkstand is a small vessel made of either brass or tin and closed with a well fitting lid, into which a small piece of cotton-wool or camel's hair is placed and steeped in the prepared ink until soaked through. The clerk sits on his heels, holds the paper with his left hand, and writes with his right, dipping his pen in the inkstand almost constantly. His pens he cuts himself. Buying a few long reeds or sedges, he cuts off, when needed, a piece about ten to fifteen centimeters in length, shapes it with a sharp knife, *mûs*, into a pen, splits it, and tries it on his thumb nail, and the writing instrument, *sâḳ*, is ready. *Šaḍra* is also pronounced *šaṭra*, corresponding to *šafra*. 3. *Ḳufl mafhûḳ*. The door lock in inner [414] Arabia is more like a bolt than a lock. It is usually made of wood and both barred and unbarred with a wooden key. The iron lock and iron key are found only in mercantile booths and storehouses. *Mafhûḳ*, used when speaking of locks as well as bolts — and also of the throat — means, properly, "forced backwards or forwards." 4. *Dabwa'* are young locusts whose wings are just growing. They are so numerous at times

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that they crawl in a long chain urging each other, *siž*, and even riding one on another, *ensâḳ*. *Ṣaḥṣaḥ* is a plain shut in by the low yet steep slope of a *ṭaraḳ*, or long flat ridge. *Šefa'* is the flat top of such a ridge. The ascent from the lower plain, *ṣaḥṣaḥ*, to this upper plain, *šefa'*, is quite difficult. The *dabwa'* locusts appear sometimes in such enormous masses that they fill the space between the lower and upper plains. 5. *Eltamm* (or *enǧama'*), gathered together. *Bel-ašfâḳ* — that is, what is dearest to and gladdens the heart most of all — are the sweet memories of love; but the poet for the last year has been tortured by unrest, *dawâčič*, and fears, *ḫfûḳ*. *Enḫafaḳ*, to be scared, to be filled with suspicion. 6. *Al-aṭrâḳ* are demonstrations of peace or friendship; *swâmiḥ* is forgiveness. *Ṣandûḳ*, a wooden box, frequently lined with tin plates; in inner Arabia it takes the place of our burglar-proof safe. There the poet had hidden many a secret unpleasant to him, but the heart learns them notwithstanding. 8. To allay his grief the poet took out from a wooden canister a few coffee beans, picked out on his palm the impurities mixed with them in the market, and then handed them to his companion, *nedîm*. The coffee beans are exposed in the shops in open bags, into which apple cores, date stones, spices, and the like often fall. Such admixtures are called *'aḏf*, a poetical expression for filth. 9. While being roasted coffee should be taken from the fire three times. In its preparation there is nothing more important than the roasting. *Sâḳ* is the long handle, much the worse for wear, of the pan used for roasting coffee. In the towns this pan is very small, but its handle is strong and ornamented. The poet sits in the room of his house, and the coffee is roasted in the same room before him. The coals of *raṣa*, which, when ignited, give a strong heat almost without smoke, are kindled on a square earthenware platter resembling a small trough. This hearth is either movable or attached to the earthen floor. During the roasting the window remains open so that the smell of the coffee can pass out of the room. And because the poet's house stands in the market place, the smell of roasted coffee is sensed in all the shops around. In the towns of inner Arabia the market place consists of a narrow street. 18. When the roasted and pounded coffee is being boiled, the burgher closes the window in order to save all its fragrance, which, like the coffee itself, has a narcotic effect on him. 19. The coffee is poured in from above,

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272 and, as the cup is often as much as a meter below the pot, great dexterity is necessary in order not to spill a drop. But even the best pourer spills when jostled — whence the sayings: *"Čefâk al-ʿawḳ*, may Allâh save thee from an obstruction!" *"Čefâk aš-šerr*, may Allâh save thee from evil!" 20. *Arnâḳ* signifies anything that resembles a round grain, as, for instance, several kinds of spice, drops of water, etc. Instead of *ṣinijje* the poet uses the word *kursi*. 21. The coffee, very strong in itself, acquires through the addition of five different spices, as is the custom in the towns of inner Arabia, still more body and leaves on the cup a fine sediment, which the poet compares to red fringes, *šebrâḳ*, and to the blood of a heart, from which the main artery has been torn out, *maʿlûḳ*. 23. When he has drunk the strong coffee, he again [326] longs for his sweetheart, *ṛarw*. 24. *Šaʿûḳ* and (16) *ašʿâḳ* signify the grip of a sword or dagger, richly ornamented with gold and precious stones. In the larger towns of inner Arabia there are craftsmen, thorough artists in their work, who make to order such handles, often of wonderful beauty. 26. The ladylove laughs at one moment and cries the next. When she smiles her white teeth glisten. *Ḥâḳ* is the name for the quick flash of the lightning. 27. The calf of her leg [201] is well turned and firm. 28. The town dweller in inner Arabia stretches out his fingers when surprised. 30. Ǧwâd did not know whether to say *minn* or *min*, and was unable to explain what the word meant in this connection. *Ḍubbal* signifies the incisors, *min fowḳ*, of the upper row. 31. The poet's heart is agitated, as if the town crier or auctioneer had carried it about the market places, offering it for sale. *Mawsûḳ* has the same meaning as *maʿḥûḍ*, a captured or imprisoned one. The clerk Ǧwâd knew the Rwala dialect well and adapted himself to its pronunciation.

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12. Oh, how many fat wethers' heads have we thrown away
And besmeared the necks of she-camels from the wound made by the knife.
13. A pure heart seeks no gossip,
And should those heroes refuse to salute me (I shall salute them).
14. For both the chief and the herdsman should walk the path of love,
As Allâh keeps the account of each being.
15. A guest is Allâh's guest and must not be insulted,
And this one we shall protect against wrong.

The composer of this poem, Dṛejjem aẓ-Ẓulmâwi, lived in the settlement of Ḳna' and was famous for his hospitality. Whoever traveled from Ḥâjel to Damascus or from Syria to the Šammar or Ḳuṣmân territory stopped with him. Once, in a cold and rainy night, a band returning from a raid reached his abode and knocked on the door of his mud hut. He instantly awakened his servant and ordered him to prepare supper for the guests, many of whom had not before even saluted him. The reciter was Fhejd, a camel herdsman, native of Ḳna'.

Verse 4. When pounding coffee, the pestle is first beaten against the center of the mortar on the coffee beans, then on its brim, and is tapped two or three times to shake off the coffee sticking to the pestle and the brim; this sound is much like the deep howl of the wolf. 6. *Masbû'* is a man afraid to go out on a raid, preferring to stay at home near his wife. *Ǧlebba* is a woman who has not married for love but has been bought by her husband. She cannot run away from him because her kinsfolk would have to return what they got for her, and the husband will not divorce her, hating to lose what she has cost him. She shows dissatisfaction by everlasting opposition and quarreling, especially when she finds her husband to be a coward. *Ṭaḳḳ 'aṣijehom* is the tapping with sticks on the she-camels' necks to make them kneel on the ground before a tent or house, where the riders are to be guests. 7. It is for the guests that fresh coffee is made, whereas the other visitors who were attracted by the beating of the pestle in the mortar must be content with yesterday's warmed-up coffee. A *saḥâba* is a dark low cloud, through which the rider has to pass, inhaling its moist smell